

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXVII.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## GEORGIANS DIVIDE.

**Livingston, Moses, Tate and Maddox Vote to Suppress Stock Gambling.**

## JUDGE LAWSON DOES NOT CAST A VOTE.

**Other Members of the Delegation Oppose the Anti-Option Bill.**

## HOLD IT TO BE UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

**The Congressman from the Eighth Explains His Position—The State Platform Demanded Something of This Kind.**

**Washington, June 22.—(Special)—The Hatch anti-option bill passed the house this afternoon by a vote of 150 to 86, but it did not carry with it the amendment of silver which Mr. Pence had proposed to offer.**

Colonel Livingston, who presided in the committee of the whole, is an ardent and earnest silverite, and thought seriously of following it to come in, but Mr. Hatch and other prominent men in the house voted against such an outrage upon the rights of the house. Colonel Livingston's second thought agreed that it would not do, and advised Mr. Pence not to offer it. Thus the question did not come up until the bill was reported back to the house and Mr. Bailey was in the chair as acting speaker. Then Mr. Hartman, of Montana, moved that the bill be recommitted with instructions to the committee to report it back with an amendment providing for the free coining of silver. Mr. Bailey, however, promptly ruled it out of order and that ended the silver part of the proceedings.

On the passage of the anti-option bill, the Georgia delegation divided. Messrs. Livingston, Maddox, Moses and Tate voted for it. Judge Lawson declined to vote. Messrs. Black, Lester, Cabaniss, Russell and Turner voted against it.

**Led by the State Platform.** I asked several of the Georgians whether they had cast their votes to give their reason for same, as some voted one way and some the other. Of the four who voted for the bill, Judge Maddox will express the views of all in giving his own reasons, Judge Maddox said:

"Voted for the bill because the platform adopted in the Georgia state convention in 1882 declared for it. The eleventh section of that platform declared, 'We demand that congress shall pass such laws as will effectually prevent the dealings in futures of all agricultural and mechanical products, providing a stringent system of prosecution, imposing such penalties as shall secure the most perfect compliance with the law.'

**He Was Nominated on It.** This plank was readopted as a part of the platform of the convention which nominated me at Chickamauga. Therefore, you see, if I had no other reasons for voting for it, this is sufficient in itself. As to the claim that it is undemocratic, I have to say that the Georgia convention which adopted this platform was one of the largest and best representative bodies of the party that ever assembled in the state, and it passed without a dissenting voice. I do not belong to that class of representatives who claim to be wiser and more democratic than the people they represent. I desire to reflect the views of my constituents, and if my vote is wrong, the people are wrong. I told them that I would endeavor to see that every plank in the platform upon which I was elected should be enacted into law, and I intend to keep my pledge until they instruct me otherwise, and if their instructions are such that I cannot conscientiously vote or agree with them, I will resign.

"This bill is not what I would like it to be. I voted for all the amendments, and hoped to see it put in a better shape; failing in this, I voted for it as it stands." **Considers It Unconstitutional.** Major Black made a motion to recommit the bill to the judiciary committee with instructions to report a bill prohibiting interstate dealing in what is commonly known as futures, and which has been held by the courts to be gambling contracts. It was ruled out of order. Then Major Black voted against the bill.

When I asked him of the cause of his opposition to the bill as passed, he said: "This particular bill deals with transactions recognized by every state and by legitimate trade. It does what I contend on the repeal of the state bank tax could not be constitutionally done. While I would go to any extent authorized by the constitution to prohibit the evils aimed at, in my opinion, after the best possible consideration, this bill is an unconstitutional exercise of power. This being my view, it was impossible for me to support it." Major Black added that the bill does not carry out in proper manner the demands of the people. I think there is a great future in store for the south."

**Judge Lawson's Position.** Judge Lawson, who did not vote either way, expressed himself thus:

A Plot Against the Czar.

The bill, instead of prohibiting gambling contracts in futures outright as it ought to have done, attempts to prohibit them by a fraudulent and unconstitutional use of taxation power. It will pass in going to attend the inaugural ceremonies of the czar erected in commemoration of the railway disaster at Borki. His majesty will no doubt this route in going to the military maneuvers. A rigid investigation will be made.

**Death of an Archbishop.** The bill now goes to the senate, but its chances of passing that body are not bright. It may never see the light of day over there as that body has a habit of postponing some bills.

**Still Guessing.** The senate expects to finish the tariff bill next Tuesday. Such predictions are, however, not safe, though the end should come next week. The income tax should be voted on tomorrow. Senator Hill will offer an amendment to tax incomes as low as \$1,000. That will, however, be defeated and the income tax will go through as amended by the committee, which amendments exclude building and loan associations and fraternal organizations.

Speaker Crisp was well enough to go to the capitol today, but was not strong enough to preside.

**Ninety-Three Georgians.**

Secretary Hoke Smith has sent to Congress in response to a senate resolution the list of clerks employed in the interior de-

partment and the states from which they hail. The list shows that there have been appointed from Georgia ninety-three clerks whose salaries range from \$600 to \$2,500 a year.

E. W. B.

**HE WROTE ANONYMOUS LETTERS,** And the Emperor's Chamberlain Is

the Author of These.

Berlin, June 22.—For some time past some of the exalted personages in Berlin have been receiving anonymous letters containing most infamous accusations and conveying dire threats. The emperor interested himself in detecting the author of these scurrilous letters and as a result of his investigation he caused the arrest of Von Kotze, whom he charges with the offense. General von Hahnke, chief of the emperor's militia staff, made the arrest, according to the chamberlain's residence in a state carriage for that purpose. The prisoner was put into a car and driven to the military prison on Lindenstrasse. The arrest created an enormous sensation. Von Kotze is one of the masters of ceremonies at state functions. Many of the members of Berlin society have for the past four years been persecuted with anonymous letters making all sorts of shameful accusations against their characters. All attempt to trace the origin of these letters has hitherto been fruitless. The exact time of the arrest is not yet known, but there is reason to suspect that Von Kotze was arrested from Schlesien on Saturday to be present at the coronation of laying the corner stone of the new cathedral at Lustgarten on Sunday and was immediately taken into custody. The friends of the disgraced man maintain that he is insane.

**WILL MAKE IT GOOD.** New York Bankers Will Return Gold to the Treasury.

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**Action of the Banks.** New York, June 22.—It is announced this evening that the banks have finally decided upon a plan to meet the treasury for the gold expected this week. The reports amount to \$7,700,000. Of this amount, the banks have already paid \$1,000,000, and the remainder will be in the subtreasury vaults by tomorrow night. The banks will contribute the total amount, it is understood, in proportion to their holdings of specific. The definite committee to aid the treasury in this manner was reached only at a late hour this afternoon.

## COLONEL DYER TALKS

**About What Was Accomplished by the New York Meeting.**

New York, June 22.—The Southern Development Society, for the benefit of southern and New York capitalists, which met yesterday, has formed a permanent organization and given it a name.

After midning the committee on organization held a session which did not conclude until 2 o'clock this morning. Captain Hugh R. Garden presided.

A number of suggestions were thrown out, and it was finally decided that each of the twenty-five members who composed the committee should submit a plan at the next meeting of the committee, which will be held at Captain Garden's office, No. 33 Nassau street, July 12th.

Colonel D. B. Dyer, of Augusta, Ga., the originator of the movement, said today that one of the chief things to be done was to get the support of the government, and he went on to say that when he got through with the governor he would not be worth killing. (Laughter, and a cry: "Tillman won't die!") "That is all nonsense, and the governor is talking it is the people of the country that got us into this mess," he said. "I have not got any money to pay off all Pullman cars, and that all the large cities of the states west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies would join in the boycott.

The governor said that congress was full of driftwood, but if the people would send him there they would have one good, hard piece of timber that would not rot.

**Butler Comes Back.**

General Butler then spoke. He said the thirty-nine ladies who had put on Tillman's back at Chester had taught him a lesson.

He had met the governor more than half way in the beginning, but the governor, at the very first opportunity, had reduced the debate to the level of a dog fight.

The general then proceeded to rebuke his new name of Coxey. He declared he got his adherents from his fellow countrymen, and he did not send to Texas and make the taxpayers pay \$150 per month to guard him. So, with all propriety, he would call the governor "Newbold." Tillman, however, said that he did not care what name he chose, so long as he did not pay his expenses paid by the taxpayers. "The governor talks about being assassinated. That powder has been burned too often." Turning to the governor, he added: "I will guard you myself, and in heaven's name stop that two-penny demagogism."

The crowd then got hilarious at the pronouncements of the governor, and he went on to say that when he got through with the governor he would not be worth killing. (Laughter, and a cry: "Tillman won't die!") "That is all nonsense, and the governor is talking it is the people of the country that got us into this mess," he said. "I have not got any money to pay off all Pullman cars, and that all the large cities of the states west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies would join in the boycott.

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**PICK THE WINNERS.**

**Entries for the Chicago Derby and Sheephead Bay Today.**

Chicago, June 22.—The following are the entries, weights and jockeys of the derby candidates at Washington park, as far as can be learned up to a late hour tonight, with late settings.

First race, 120, General, 2 to 1; Horoscope, 122, Midgley, 2 to 1; Senator Grady, 122, Garrison, 2 to 1; Despot, 122, W. Martin, 10 to 1; Rey Santa Anita, 122, Van Kuren, 10 to 1; Prince Carl, 122, R. Williams, 10 to 1; Daniel, 122, M. Berger, 4 to 1; Orinda, 122, Gertrude, 30 to 1; Resplendent, 115, Hill, 120 to 1; Cadet, 122, Leigh, 60 to 1; Lucky Dog, 122, Hill, 60 to 1; Alcencor, 122, Overton, 60 to 1.

**Sheephead Entries.**

Sheephead Bay, June 22.—Following are entries for tomorrow's races:

First race, Futurity course, Stonelake 124, Clifford 122, Lord Harry 114, Trevelyn 111, Annie Bishop, 116, Robin Hood and Kazan 106 each.

Second race, Foam stakes 5 furlongs, Kenneth and Kitty H. colt 100 each, Gutta Percha 100.

Third race, selling, one mile and a furlong, Long Beach 108, Candelabra 107, Count 102, Jordan 119, Deception 97, Blue Garter 94, His Grace 90, Melody 82.

Fourth race, Coney Island handicap, Funtur course, Siroco 121, Roche 118, Wah 114, Lark 112, W. L. W. 110, Lowlander 114, each.

A true lover of his country, he saw the future with unclouded vision. He believed in protection, and sought to build up his section. He turned his back on the north, and moved to the south, where he could find work.

He was a man of great energy, and he could work.

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## SPEAKS AT CONYERS.

HOD. W. Y. ATKINSON Addressed a Large Crowd Yesterday.

## FAN SOME TRIBUTE TO GENERAL EVANS

And Some Pleasant Words About Atlanta and Attitans-His Position on National Issues Explained.

Conyers, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—Hon. W. Y. Atkinson delivered a strong and eloquent address at the courthouse at 10 o'clock this morning and was greeted by an audience which tested the capacity of the courtroom. His speech was replete with good democratic doctrine and in its three features were notable. One of these was the tribute he paid his distinguished opponent, another was his tribute to Atlanta and her people and the third was his clear-cut statement of his position on the Chicago platform.

Colonel Atkinson came down from Atlanta on the early train and was met at the depot by a number of his friends. After shaking hands all around he went with Dr. Stewart and Editor Norris Hale to the hotel, where he held a sort of informal reception up to the hour of his speech.

It was a few minutes after 10 o'clock when Chairman A. M. Helms, of the Rockdale county executive committee, who has been a strong Evans man, called the meeting to order, and in a few well-chosen words introduced the speaker. In his introductory remarks Mr. Helms referred to the contest being between the Democracy with its party line and the Republicans who had nominated him, and added that of course as soon as it was settled all democrats would join together in support of the nominee.

As Colonel Atkinson walked to the stand he was greeted with hearty applause.

### A Tribute to General Evans.

"I am glad," said he, "for the suggestion which your chairman has made that I am to speak to you this afternoon. I am glad to say that it has been throughout. I have never used one harsh or unkind word concerning my distinguished competitor, who is a gentleman of the highest worth and the purest character. I have said nothing unkind for two reasons. One of these is that I do not indulge in mud slinging, and the other is that my distinguished competitor deserves no unkind words that could be uttered. His treatment of me has been that of a manly man and a true gentleman. He has not said one word which will bring him shame or mortification and neither have I. Between the two candidates it has indeed been a friendly rivalry, they have conducted themselves on a high plane, and if we can go through a lively campaign and end as friends, certainly our friends can and will lay aside any differences which the contest may have engendered. We are friends, he and I, and I honor him as a man and love him as a Christian gentleman. This is the reason, son, why an member of the democratic party should carry in his heart any unkind feeling toward any other member of the party, and I am satisfied there will be none. We must keep in view the fact that we are all democrats, that we entered this campaign as friends and must end it as friends, and a man's friends and enemies should be shoulder to shoulder making defeat and disaster to the third party. From the beginning of this campaign until now, I have proclaimed that it was the duty of the democrats to name their candidate for governor, and that so far as my democracy is concerned, it mattered not upon whom they might decide. The third party, however, was selected as the nominee, I would be found battling as hard as I knew for the principles of democracy."

Colonel Atkinson's remarks on this line were greeted with hearty applause. He then went on to refer to some of the features of the campaign, and explained at some length his position on the soldiers' home.

**To Atlanta.**

"They have disgraced me, but that I have been fighting Atlanta. That's wrong. I have made no fight on Atlanta, and my speeches from one end of Georgia to the other will bear me out in that statement. I have always drawn the distinction between the people of Atlanta and those politicians who were fighting me, and in my countrymen and have had them demonstrated my ability to give an awful as to take. As for Atlanta—I am as proud of Atlanta as one of the greatest cities of Georgia and of the south, a city in which every Georgian and every southerner has a right to feel pride. It is a city whose population is made up of thrifty, active, enterprising men, and I am anxious to work for its interests. I am anxious to see that splendid city, which sprung from the ruins left by Sherman, grow in its strength and power. All that she adds in strength to herself, she adds to the strength of Georgia. I do not make and I have not made any war upon Atlanta or upon the people of Atlanta, but I have made war upon those who live in counties outside of Atlanta have a right to a fair division of the offices and I think I have made that pretty clear. No, I have not fought Atlanta or the people of Atlanta. I am as proud of her as any of her sons, for Atlanta belongs to Georgia."

### On National Issues.

The speaker then went on to define his position on national issues. He said that the murder of Joseph Richardson, with a recommendation to the mercy of the court, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary. The murderer was the result of drunken quarrel at a ten-cent ball on Labor's land. The defense was that the shooting was accidental.

In the same time. Judged by this standard, congress has done as much as could be expected of it.

### To the Third Party.

Colonel Atkinson then turned his attention to the third party and showed the reader that the party's policy must be made as platform and not as to men. He declared that the third party people did not themselves believe in the platform of their party.

In strong words he pointed out the probable results of division among the people and he urged those members of the third party to return to the party to stick to the fold and work together for the interests of Georgia, building up and developing our great state.

He was frequently interrupted by applause and at the conclusion of his speaking everybody present came up and shook hands with him, pledging their sincere support in case of his nomination.

### Close in Morgan.

Madison, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—The victory is doubtful. Evans has been making with his party to bear both sides claim to the county. Canler, Nelson and the other statehouse officers were endorsed. W. A. Boynton and W. P. Wallace were nominated for senator and representative, respectively.

### Light Play in Rabun.

Tallulah Falls, June 22.—(Special)—The vote in Rabun county today was light. Clayton, the county seat, is seventeen miles away over the mountains and the result will not be known here tonight.

### Clifton Got Colquitt.

Darien, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—Colquitt, who was a very small vote in Screven county yesterday. Only 189 votes were polled of this number General Evans got 11. Mr. H. Mock, of this place, received three complimentary votes. Nearly all the votes were polled at Sylvana and Millen.

### Screven's Vote.

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### THE RECALCITRANT WITNESSES

#### Certified to the Grand Jury—Washington Gossip.

Washington, June 22.—Vice President Stevenson this afternoon came to the district attorney's office of H. C. Hayes, attorney and friend of John A. Harlan, attorney general, and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining Company, who refused to give the sugar trust investigating committee the details of the company's contributions for political purposes. In doing this, the vice president overruled Senators Gray and Ladd, who had voted to sustain the sugar trust and the popular on the committee, who recommended that criminal prosecution should be had with reference to Havemeyer and Sears, as was done in the cases of the other recalcitrant witnesses.

Professor Mendenhall, in charge of coast and geodetic survey, has tendered his resignation to the president, and it is said by a man who knows that the professor in his letter to the president puts his action on the ground that the secretary of the treasury has interfered with the working of the bureaus by the retirement of experts and the substitution of inefficient men to such an extent that it is no longer possible to conduct the bureau on a scientific basis.

Representatives Bailey of Texas, Williams of Mississippi, Goldzier of Illinois, Hayes and Senator Walsh of Georgia and Governor Hoge of Texas have accepted invitations to speak at the Tammany Hall celebration July 4th. Others have been invited, but have not replied.

### GLYN COUNTY'S TEACHERS.

#### Instructors Are Elected for the Coming Year—Branham Retained.

Brunswick, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—The selection of teachers for the coming year in Glynn county schools occurred yesterday and the following were selected: Glynn high school, J. E. Kemp, principal; J. A. Carroll, third grade; Miss Luisa C. Colesberry, second grade; Miss Josephine W. Holt, first grade.

Nelson grammar school—A. L. Franklin, principal; Miss Kate O'Connor, third grade; Miss Minnie Stanford, second grade; Miss Alice Hodgett, first grade.

Oglethorpe preparatory school—Miss Constance Butts, principal; Miss Bettie Alexander, second grade; Miss Mada McDonald, first grade; A. Miss L. H. Denning, first grade; B. Supernumerary, Miss Mabel Emanuel.

Superintendent A. L. Branham will retain his position, being fully capable in every respect and perfectly satisfactory to, not only the board of education, but to all the patrons of the schools.

### MINERS INJURED.

#### While Endeavoring to Put Out a Fire One Is Fatally Hurt.

Birmingham, Ala., June 22.—(Special)—At noon yesterday afternoon in Mine No. 2, where a fire started about four weeks ago, four men were hurt, one fatally, another badly, and the others just slightly. The men were trying to put out the fire when they struck a very hot place and a large amount of steam was puffed back in the faces of the men. I. S. Simes received injuries from which he died this morning. Another, whose name could not be learned, received burns, from which he will probably die. The other two men will be laid up for a little while.

### AFRAID TO WITHDRAW TROOPS.

#### Governor Jones Will Continue the Camp, Calling Out More Soldiers.

Birmingham, Ala., June 22.—(Special)—The governor has decided to continue the encampment, and will call out several companies from the three regiments to go into camp at Ensley City tomorrow. All three regiments of the state troops have been in camp since Friday. The Birmingham battalion, consisting of companies in Birmingham, Woodlawn, Eastside, and Bessemer, will go to camp tomorrow, while the artillery and cavalry companies from Montgomery will be called up.

### Dropped Dead.

Milledgeville, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—John S. Miller, a prominent jewelry merchant of this place, dropped dead last night about 9 o'clock from heart disease.

### THE DEATH ROLL.

West Point, Ga., June 22.—(Special)—Mr. Stanley O. Milton died last night at about 12 o'clock. He had been sick for several days, but was up and attending to business till Tuesday noon. On Thursday, Dr. Cooper, of Atlanta, was called in to operate with the hope of having a surgical operation performed. The patient was too low, however, to attempt the operation. Mr. Milton was a member of the firm of Milton & Zachry, and was one of the most substantial business men of West Point. He was a progressive citizen and a cultured gentleman. He was a consistent member of the Baptist church, and a member of the endowment rank of the Knights of Pythias. He leaves a wife and five children.

Meridian, Miss., June 22.—(Special)—Lucius Cole, a prominent and wealthy citizen of this county, was killed by John Davies, a negro, yesterday evening. Davies undertook to arrest Davies on a charge of burglary. Davies resisted arrest and shot Cole. The negro is still at large.

### Three Pair.

Huntsville, Ala., June 22.—(Special)—Mr. J. M. Hobbs, of Taylorsville, was the widow of C. B. Hobbs, a well-known citizen. Mrs. Hobbs was born in Wales, but came to this country with her father over half a century ago. She located in Macon before the war and married Mr. Hobbs in 1868. Her only immediate relatives now living are a sister, Mrs. Mary Williams, and her son, Mr. C. Hobbs, and his wife, Mrs. Hobbs. Mrs. Hobbs died this evening at 6 o'clock after a severe two years. She was the widow of C. B. Hobbs, a well-known citizen. Mrs. Hobbs was the wealthiest and best known citizens. Mrs. Hobbs was born in Wales, but came to this country with her father over half a century ago. She located in Macon before the war and married Mr. Hobbs in 1868. Her only immediate relatives now living are a sister, Mrs. Mary Williams, and her son, Mr. C. Hobbs, and his wife, Mrs. Hobbs. Mrs. Hobbs died this evening at 6 o'clock after a severe two years. She was the widow of C. B. 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ATLANTA, GA., June 23, 1894.

## Banks, Bonds and the Gold Reserve.

It is understood that the New York banks are again about to go through the solemn farce of coming to the rescue of the treasury. The repetition of this highly seasoned entertainment ought to afford instruction as well as amusement to those who take an interest in such matters.

The meeting of the bank presidents the other day for the purpose of discussing the situation, was pretty well advertised. It was intended to attract attention. It is to be presumed, however, that no disinterested reader can have failed to observe what the upshot of the meeting was. It was a movement in the interest of a new issue of bonds. A report of the meeting that has not been printed outside of the little financial papers that flourish by dealing out Wall street news, declares that the bankers at that meeting were unanimous for the issue of 3 per cent bonds. Another report, just as well authenticated, says they were in favor of an issue of 4 per cent fifty-year bonds.

The whole truth of the matter is that the New York banks want another \$50,000,000 of 5 per cent, but they want them at par. They paid a premium for the recent issue, and now they want to realize on that premium by taking the new bonds at below par. That is the object of the maneuvering that brought the bank presidents together the other day.

That meeting, as we have said, was widely advertised in the press dispatches because it is part of the plan to convince the public mind that the people's treasury is about to be brought face to face with a terrible calamity.

Therefore the public was given to understand that the patriotic banks had assembled their leaders together for the purpose of helping the treasury and the administration out of a very deep hole.

It is worthy of note, however, that when President Williams proposed that the banks should hereafter supply foreign houses with gold for export, (which he intimated would be about \$15,000,000,) and thus relieve the strain on the treasury, there was no response from the other bank presidents. They smiled and shook their heads. They were willing to help the treasury, of course, but they didn't want to enter into any ironclad agreement; and so Mr. Williams' modest little proposition promptly found its way to the waste basket. They have consented, orally, to furnish some gold for export, but as the Daily Stockholder says, all the gold the banks may supply will come out of the treasury reserve. That much is certain.

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The outlook for the exposition is as bright as could be desired. The whole country is clamoring for it, and the Spanish-American nations have notified us that they are coming to Atlanta next year with the finest and fullest line of exhibits that have ever been sent out from those countries.

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While these declarations and promises and appeals filled the air, The Constitution warned business men and merchants, farmers and laboring men that unconditional repeal would fix upon

them all the evil results of the single gold standard. We warned them that business would not revive, that prices would go lower, and that every interest except that involving coupon-clipping and interest collections would suffer even more severely than they were then suffering. We warned the farmers that the prices of their commodities would fall, and we warned the people generally that unconditional repeal of the Sherman law was a sham and a delusion—a snare intended to entrap them into giving their consent to the establishment of the single gold standard.

The reply made to the arguments on which we based our opinions was that they were conceived in ignorance of finance and were simply personal attacks on Mr. Cleveland and his administration. The files of The Constitution are accessible to those who desire to see whether the arguments we employed are sound, or whether the predictions made as to the result of unconditional repeal have been fulfilled.

What is happening this summer was foretold in our editorial columns twelve months ago.

## A Terrible Plague.

The reports of the frightful ravages of the plague in the seaports of China are alarming. The New York Sun declares that it is the Black Death which has raged in Europe many times during the past two thousand years. It was very destructive in the time of Trojan. In 1656, when it visited Naples, 30,000 people died. In 1665 it turned London into a charnel house and killed 69,000 people in a few months. The Sun says:

The anti-silver men in Georgia are in a very sad predicament. They will have to support free silver men or quit the party.

General Evans is for the free coinage of silver right now. Mr. Atkinson is for the free coinage of silver right now. Judge Mines is for the free coinage of silver right now. And yet the anti-silver men will have to support one of these men for governor if they support anybody.

If our government proposes to go into the prize or gift enterprise business the line should not be drawn just the other side of warships. Let us have a liberal policy that will give everybody a chance to draw a fortune from the national treasury if he can beat the record in science, art, literature, brain work and hand work.

## A Proper Rebuke.

When Professor George Herron, of Iowa college, delivered the commencement oration at the University of Nebraska last week he fell into a pessimal position, that must have delighted the anarchists in his audience, if any were present. Among other things he said:

The most significant fact in society today is that it turns to the mind of Christ as the ideal for humanity. If this ideal could be realized it would bring happiness to the masses. The living Christ is the real King of America. The Christian state will be the organized democracy. Americans are not democratic, either socially or politically. In a pure democracy the people will be their own representatives. The Christian state will be the most perfect example of the people. The great trouble with our system of government is the over-production of middlemen. The system of wages is a system of slavery. There can be no equality till there are no more hirelings. Our state will be the organized law of the people. The aim of law is the education of the people. The law should be simple and clear. At no time since the age of the Roman state has law received so much attention as today. Yet all know there is no justice in the courts. If there is anarchy everywhere, that has its origin in the Christian organization. The state would be perfect while anarchy would be its destruction. God sent this American nation to be an example to other nations of the earth. We have failed. We have forsaken our trust. We are a fallen nation. Except the nation repeat it cannot survive. We must prepare the way for the Christian state and for the kingship of the other day.

The presence of this frightful scourge in China is a menace to every country in the world, because in these days commerce brings all nations in contact with one another. It would not be surprising if the pestilence should spread to the Pacific coast of North and South America, and it is plainly the duty of our health officials to take every possible precaution to prevent it from entering our ports. The unexpected is always happening, and the fact that the Black Death has never been known in America does not make it certain that it will not visit us sometime.

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by the conduct of the British colonists in south Africa who take the law into their own hands, and slaughter negro criminals wherever they find them with the certainty of being acquitted by the courts and sustained by public opinion. Just why the English protest against our occasional lynchings and say nothing about their own lynchings in their African colonies is a mystery. Their request to the New York legislature to suppress lynching in Georgia and Texas is about as much to the point as it would be for a meeting in this country to ask the lord mayor of London to enforce the laws in the south African English colonies.

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If the government has the right to use the money of the people in this way it has the right to do anything with it. If it has the right to reward the swiftest speed of its warships with a prize it has the right to offer prizes for the swiftest horses, prizes for literary masterpieces, prizes for useful inventions, and so on.

The point will be made that the development of our navy will be of service to us in time of war. It is also true that fine horses, literary advancement and useful inventions are all conducive to our general welfare and progress in peace as well as in war.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., June 23, 1894.

## Closing the Offer.

Today is the last day on which the prize offer for the best story of 1,000 words about "A Summer Vacation" is open. No stories which bear a postmark later than the 23d will be allowed to compete for the prize. All those, therefore, who wish to compete for the prize must send us their stories today, or mail them so that they will not be dated later than the 23d. The rules of the contest have been published twice in this column, and all are doubtless familiar with them. The contest is open to all boys and girls under fifteen years of age, and the prize is \$5 in gold.

On Monday morning we will turn over the stories, and there are a great many of them, to a committee, which will decide which is the best. The story winning the prize will be published in next Saturday's Junior. The young people have taken a great interest in the contest, and we are very sure that the prize story, whichever it may be, will be well worth reading.

In this connection we wish to call the attention of the boys and girls to our "Correspondence" column, in which our young readers are given an opportunity to tell any interesting or instructive stories or incidents that they wish to write about. The only rule is that every letter be made short—not over 150 words—and each letter must be about some interesting fact or incident—a description of your locality, if it is an interesting place; something about the tricks of your pets, anything that you think would interest the other boys and girls. We announced on last Saturday that we would start this column this week, and already we have received several very interesting letters, which appear in another column. Address your letters to The Constitution, Jr., and they will receive prompt attention.

## Two New Features.

In this issue of The Junior appears the second installment of "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" and the first installment of "A Fok'sle Story." These two stories are written by two of the best writers of children's stories in America. "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" is by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, whom all the boys and girls know best as "Uncle Remus." In his new story he has found some strange characters and wonderful adventures for the young people, which will doubtless be as charming as the "Uncle Remus" stories.

"A Fok'sle Story" is by Miss Molly Elcott Seawell, probably the leading writer of sea tales for the young now living. So excellent is her work that all the children's story papers and magazines are clamoring for it, and we feel very much gratified to be able to publish in The Junior a story from her pen of such rare interest as "A Fok'sle Story."

## The Story of a Memory.

There was a little girl who liked stories. She would listen to hear them read, but she liked those best which were told to her. So one day when her uncle had been reading to her, she put her hand on the page and said, "Now tell me one." And he laid down the book, and, looking into her bright blue eyes, began:

"This book that I have been reading, my dear, was written by a great and good man, who gave his life to writing beautiful stories for children. In his own land, he was called the Christian's friend, and when he died his countrymen raised a beautiful monument to his memory. Now, I will tell you a story of a memory that always comes to me when I read these fairy tales. When you read about Big Klaus and Little Klaus, and the Fir Tree, and The Snow Queen, and all those wondrous things, you must think of an old home, away down in the south, where there once lived three little children. They had a book just like this one of yours, and the three little heads used to bend over it and listen with wide-open eyes to the strange adventures of the storks and the swallows and the princesses. One little head was black as jet, and had bright brown eyes and rosy cheeks. It was a very sweet little head, and belonged to a little girl who is now grown up, and whom you call mother. There was another little head, with golden hair and blue eyes, which was always full of visions of brightness. This little head has carried those visions of brightness into its life, and that is why your aunt is always laughing. There was a third little head, which belonged to a little boy. To this little head all the stories seemed true; and now that is also grown, and is telling you a story.

"These three little heads used to bend for hours over these stories. They admired the bravery of the Tin Soldier and hung breathless over the adventures of Little Tottie. They thought Little Klaus the smartest and funniest fellow imaginable, and their sorrow was very real for the unfortunate Mud King's daughter. They thought that the flowers and trees had voices and so they have, and will always talk to those who will listen to them; not like people talk, but in a way that those who listen can understand. They loved to think that there were elves in all the trees, and when the bees hummed about the flowers, they thought that the

thought that they doubt they were.

"Then in the winter, when the wind blew out of doors and made everybody feel cozy inside, and when the fire blazed up the chimney and made the three little heads all bright and rosy, they would talk knowingly of Santa Klaus, and would write notes to send up the chimney to him. And sometimes they would listen and fancy they heard the beat of reindeer hoofs upon the house-top. Then, when the six little eyelids would begin to droop, a little woman whom they all loved dearly would come and tuck them in bed and kiss them all good night. This little woman had black hair and eyes that were brown. Her hair will not be black to you, my dear, for it is slowly turning to silver, but the eyes will be the same and the kiss just as soft when she tucks you in bed and tells you good night; for as she bends over you a vision will come to her of the three little sleepers in the old home away down in the south long ago.

"Then, when the three little heads all lay on three white little pillows, and the brown eyes and the blue eyes were closed fast, Ole Luck-Ole, the dream god, would come and sit by their beds and tell them such wondrous tales as can only come in the dreams of a child.

"Now, my dear, it may be that when you are old enough to read these stories for yourself there will be some little heads to bend with yours over them, and you, too, may have brothers and sisters. Then your mother will tell you many things about that old home where she was a child. And when you are grown into a sweet little woman yourself, I hope that in your memory there will be as loved a picture of your child home as there is in the three little heads of my story."

## A Young Sculptor.

There recently appeared in Harper's Young People a sketch of an Atlanta boy, who is destined to make his mark in the world if he lives. He is Master B. N. Alexander, and he has a remarkable genius for carving and molding. Before he could walk, it is said, he would tear figures of animals out of bits of paper.

As he grew older he made use of everything of a pliable nature on which he could lay his hands, and at table would deprive himself of his food, keeping the soft inside of his cornbread and potatoes and molding small animals out of them afterward. Puddings and candies were put to the same use, and on one occasion, having been presented with some chewing gum, he used it to mold a little horse, sticking real horse hair in for the mane and tail.

Benny is a bashful tongue-tied child, very small for his age, and takes little or no interest in the play and occupations of other children, but lives apart in a world of his own creation. Seeing that he is not healthily commonplace like other children, the neighbors look upon him as peculiar, and perhaps a little daft, and to escape possible ridicule he has taken lately to burying the figures he makes. Most of his time is spent down by a branch near the house modelling animals from the mud of the stream and lining the banks with a menagerie of small elephants, lions, tigers, etc.

Doubtless in course of time this southern boy will make a name for himself in the world of art, if his wonderful genius develops as it now gives promise of doing.

## Hazing a Maine Man.

The foolish barbarity, the practice of college hazing, which ninety times out of a hundred consists of a brutal and cowardly attack of several youths upon a single one, has to a great extent disappeared. Now and then brutal "initiations" into secret societies are heard of; some of these have resulted in permanent injury to an "initiated" person, and even in death. Every such outrage renders the practice of hazing, in any shape in which it may survive, the more odious and disgraceful. Sometimes the practice is discouraged by the exceeding difficulty of managing the person who is to be hazed. A case of this sort is recorded by an old college man in The New York Tribune:

"I was a sophomore," he says, "and, of course, was particularly intolerant of all freshmen. Hazing had been strictly forbidden, under penalty of expulsion, and we could not get together more than half a dozen adventurous souls who were willing to take a great risk in order to punish the freshmen for presuming to come to college.

"After all the lamps were out, we would steal from our rooms, meet in the corridor, and then make a descent on some lonely freshman, and 'do him up.'

"We had operated successfully on two or three men, and were enjoying the sport thoroughly. The next night it was the turn of a long, raw-boned, bashful youth from Maine, who had nothing to say to any one, and whose only care seemed to be to keep his hands and feet out of sight.

"We anticipated rare sport with him, and I remember now the haughty feeling with which I strode into his dark bed chamber at the head of our gang, after we had forced our way in by twisting off the lock.

"The other men had generally cowered in their bedclothes, and piteously asked to be let alone. The Maine man, on the contrary, jumped out of bed as if he were glad to meet us.

"He said not a word as he moved around in the dark, but how he did hit us! I never before experienced such fiendish strength as he seemed to possess. His room seemed to be full of old furniture, over which we stumbled, and over and under which he knocked us in the dark now, with the precision and force of a trip-hammer.

"I don't believe any of us hit him once. I know that after I had caught a writing

which seemed to descend upon us; he utterly desisted, and whirled from Maine, and when he let us out of his horrid den, more dead than alive, and we had had time to collect our shattered senses, I said:

"The Maine fellow must have gone out, boys, and left a gorilla in his bed!"

"We decided all at once that hazing was an unmanly sport, a relic of barbarous times, quite beneath the dignity of modern young gentlemen."

## P Panther's Spring.

Fifty feet below us, as I step out on a mass of rock and look down, is a bit of valley with a silver stream running down it from a spring under my feet, and drinking from this stream are several wild horses of the plains. They are the real mustangs—swift, hardy and wary, and Indian and wolf have pursued them in vain. An antelope might run with them for a couple of miles, but not further. The Indians have ponies more fleet, but not with such endurance. Let pursuit be attempted and one of the mustangs, wild and untamable and knowing no master, would strike a gallop which would not lag or be broken for fifty miles. These seven belong to the drove of fifty we saw two days ago and were probably separated during the thunderstorm of yesterday. As I watch them they turn away from the stream, bite at each other in play, and one begins to feed towards me. The grass is sweet and green, but he takes a bite here and there as he comes, as if hunger were almost satisfied, and finally reaches a sapling growing almost at the base of the cliff and begins to rub against it.

Thirty feet below me is another jutting mass of rock, entirely bare except for a single stunted bush. It is twenty feet above the horse and the same distance away. I have heard nothing from the rocks and bushes below me—not the snap of a twig or the rustle of a branch—but suddenly an object attracts the eye. Fairly beneath me a panther creeps out of its lair in the rocks and moves forward. He looks to the right and the left, but not upwards. Let me move hand or foot and his ears would catch the sound. He has heard the horses and crept out to investigate. He is a fair shot for me, but the idea of firing on him does not occur. As he pulls himself slowly forward to peer over the edge of the rock his fur shines like velvet and the play of all his muscles can be seen. His ears work rapidly and his tail moves softly to and fro. When he thrusts his nose over the edge and gets sight of the horse below, a sort of shiver passes over him, and for thirty seconds the tail is still. He is surprised, but he soon rallies. His every action for the next two minutes betrays his intentions. He measures the distance of the leap to an inch. He half rises to feel if he can get a good foothold on the rock. He moves to the left to be entirely clear of the bush, and when he sinks down again I see that he has gathered his feet under him for the spring. The tail moves like the pendulum of a clock, and I hear a grating sound as his sharp claws meet the surface of the rock.

The mustang stands quivering and has backed up a little to rub its neck. Only his head is now on the far side of the tree. Never did victim offer a fairer shot. The panther's ears are suddenly laid flat to his head; he utters a low, fierce snarl, and while I am watching him with wide-open eyes he disappears. He shot off the rock so swiftly that my eyes could not follow him. I did not see him in the air, but I saw him as he alighted on the horse. The force of the spring threw the poor animal down and rolled him over, but he was up in a flash and the panther on his back again. This time the savage beast was farther forward, and as the horse reared up and plunged around I saw the panther biting at the base of his neck and tearing away at the shoulder and leg with his hind claws. Now I raised my rifle to shoot, but the six other mustangs came forward with a rush. For thirty seconds every animal seemed to be on his hind feet and walking in a circle, and all were snorting and neighing. Then I noticed the panther on the ground and heard him whining and howling like a dog in pain. He was rolled over this way and that, but he somehow managed to get clear of the hoofs and limped into full view. I had my rifle ready and gave him a shot that tumbled him over, and the sharp report sent the horses galloping out of the valley. The one which had been assailed galloped off with the rest, and so I figured that he could not have been very severely hurt.

By and by I found away down the cliff and inspected my prize. He must have died within a few minutes had I not shot him. Two of his legs were broken, one era bitten off, half his tail gone and he had several broken ribs. He had plainly seen the other horses before his spring, but he had probably counted on their running away.

## A Fox Hunting Steer.

Animals sometimes develop strange traits, and do things which seem to be entirely opposed to their nature. Probably one of the funniest cases of this kind is that of a steer on a farm in Lackawanna county, Pa., which has a turn for fox hunting and fence jumping. There are four fox hounds on the farm, and when Pete, which is the name of the steer, was a calf, he became attached to the dogs, and used to run and bellow after them whenever they started after a fox. He would follow them till a fence stopped him when he trotted back to the barnyard and acted as if he was lonesome.

One day lately the farmer put three hounds on a fox's track, and Pete, who was in the barnyard when the hounds gave tongue, rushed out down the road, over a fence and across the fields. The fox led the hounds a lively chase, and played all manner of tricks on them to throw them off the scent. He went through a swamp, ran on to a bridge, then leaped off the end and took a spurt on a wall, but could not shake his pursuers off.

He ran through the front yard of a neighboring farm, and a strange dog joined in the chase. Pete seemed to think the newcomer had no business there, so he pursued it, tossed it over the fence, and then joined the hounds which had followed him and looked on smugly.

he chance to have a son he dreamed at that time. He had a care of a blind as well as upon his hands. The first no ever took of anything was the a rooster. Up to the discovery that some animation came into the boy's face upon hearing the roosters crow and the hens cackle, there was no other thought of the Bethunes, nor of the boy's parents, but that Tom was a blind, listless idiot. The mother of the boy was the first to discover that sounds of this kind seemed to awaken some interest in her offspring.

No amount of the usual methods to have her babe take notice had aroused Tom from his lethargy—so you can imagine how the old black mother felt when she saw the boy's face brighten and something of a smile play about his lips as the cock crew around where he sat in a basket by the wash place. The mother's eyes were watching the babe all along through the hours it took her to perform her week's work at the washtub, and it was nothing more than natural that she should go to work to make strange sounds to have her babe take notice. This old black mamma has told me that the tingling of the pot-hooks upon the sides of the washpot on that day was the beginning of the discovery of Tom's powers. Since that time his history is familiar on two continents, and the children can ask their parents if they wish to hear all about Black Tom and his wonderful musical powers.

In happy contrast—if "happy" can be applied to such things—was a bright little white girl of whom Griffin could boast about this time. This little girl's deformity would have made her the pet of the town, even had she not been so bright and intelligent along with it, and as she grew she developed into such a sweet character that I am sure all of Griffin and middle Georgia feels proud in claiming her as its own. This little girl had no arms at all, but instead of drooping through the world bemoaning her fate, she set an example worthy of imitation, and achieved a success seldom surpassed. She performed on the piano splendidly, but it was in her fine needle work that she surpassed all the other girls of her age. So artistic was she with her needle, that she could have easily earned her own living at any time, and never failed to carry off the prize when such work was in competition. She used her toes as fingers, and was altogether at home in the nicest circles to entertain or to make herself useful.

Another curiosity that used to enliven the old "plank road" through Pike and Spalding counties with the pop of his whip and the tingle of the "waggoner's bells" was a legless negro, familiarly known as "Blanton's Neel." Old Neel was rated in those days as the best waggoner upon the road, and yet he had no legs at all, nor did he have any fingers. His arms ran off to a point at the hand, and so much was he like a frog in all his appearance and in his movements, that the bad boys used to croak "Jug-er-rum, jug-er-rum, jug-er-rum!" when they wished to tease him. This negro hauled lumber from Blanton's mills for years, and if there was a bad horse along the road that needed taming, Neel was the man to do it. He had two trusty "wheelers" and a good "leader," and cared not how wild the other three of his team chanced to be. He broke more young horses than any man in Georgia, and one was never known to get away from him. It was curious to watch him as he sat, so much like a frog, upon his "saddle mule," and made "pulls" that was the envy of other negro wagoners.

Old Neel declared that he would "out-general" the soldiers who were scouring the country for whatever they might devour in the war period, and to that end he had arranged himself a little cave in the woods near his cabin. He had thrown out a square hole of about ten feet, covered it with poles and then with leaves, so that it looked just as the other ground around it. When the Yankees came, Neel was hid away in this place, and watched them through a crack as they filled the yard at the "big house" and searched every nook for hidden treasures. As Neel watched what was going on outside, he neglected to notice an old gray goose which he had tied by the leg in one corner of his cave. The goose had got upon a box and then worked his head out through the poles and leaves and stretched his neck as high as he could and screamed with all his might. The Yankees went tilting toward the place, and it was only the work of a moment for them to tear away the top; but, as old Neel hopped out and around like a frog, the first that arrived retreated and vowed that "old Nick" himself was down in the woods. Old Neel has always said since that it would not do to have anything to do with a goose.

Sarge Plunkett.

To Some Little Southern Girl.  
My grandpa went to war long years ago—I never saw him, but they told me so. And how, after a battle, sad news came, Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name.

They never heard of him again, they said, And so we know that grandpa must be dead; And when I think of him, so good and brave, I wish we knew where he had found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year, I feel so sad, and sometimes shed a tear, To see the soldiers' graves all abroad with flowers, While grandpa, carried ours.

So if some

A man

Junior

gether in the harbor, and a fine English frigate was seen under a huge spread of canvas sailing across the sea, suspended between the sky and the sea. Among the fleet there was the usual activity and business of the morning. A great line of battle ship, with the red pennant flying at her fore, indicating that she was taking powder aboard, lay out in the foreground. An admiral's barge at the gangway of a handsome black frigate showed that she had distinguished company on board, and the sound of the band playing on the quarter deck and noise made by the parading of the marine guard was distinctly borne ashore by the wind. On every ship something was going on in the way of the orderly bustle of a man-of-war. On shore, too, the morning drill was taking place, and the regiments of redcoats made a brilliant splash of color in the somber tones of the ancient town. The scene was charming, but to two figures sitting on the rocks it was dejecting enough. One of them was a boy of thirteen, by name Dicky Stubbs, with a handsome, tanned face, not wholly innocent of freckles, and a wide mouth that was evidently made for laughing. But he was not laughing now, nor anywhere near it. His companion was a seafaring man of nearly sixty. He had, however, that indescribable air of neatness and order which plainly shows a man-of-war's man. And, indeed, fifty of Jack Bell's sixty years of life had been spent in the British navy. But when the colonies had revolted, Jack, rightly concluding that his country had need of every good stout arm that could be mustered in her service promptly deserted from the British ship in which he was serving and enlisted in the first naval squadron of the colonies. He had only served a few months, though, when he had been captured in a boat expedition, along with Dicky Stubbs, whose career as helper to Jock o' the Dust and powder boy was rudely cut short in the beginning. It would have gone hard with Jack Bell except at the very time of his capture he had gallantly leaped overboard to save a young ensign who had been thrown out of the boat while making a dangerous landing. The young officer's head had struck on a sunken rock, and while the men in the boat hesitated to make the fearful plunge amid unknown risks, Jack Bell had coolly jumped over, dived and saved him. For this the old sailor had been put in a mere nominal imprisonment at Newport, and the very obvious fact winked at that he had taken French leave of the British service. He had liberty all day and only went back to the lockup at night, thereby, as he said himself, "havin' a sight more liberty than any foremast man as he knowned on." There was, however, small chance for his escape, as the town of Newport had a very effective cordon of redcoats around it night and day. Jack had a good many more acquaintances among the sailors on the fleet than was either convenient or agreeable to him—but the fact that he was an American and would not fight against his country put an entirely different face on his desertion, and he was more respected than condemned for it. As for Dicky Stubbs, he had fondly imagined that he would have all the dignity and prestige of a prisoner of war. What was his chagrin, then, when the young officer, Lieutenant Forrester, who had interested himself in the lad at Jack Bell's request, took Dicky to his mother's door and presented him, saying:

"Here, madame, is your young cockerel which we have captured. If you will promise to give him a good birching and keep him at home, nothing will be done to him."

Dicky at this nearly wept with rage and disappointment. His mother, though, who was a woman of spirit and some education, and whose husband had been among the first soldiers killed in the revolution, replied calmly:

"I shall not do either. While I thought him too young to enlist, yet when he did it without my permission I said no word of reproof to him; and when he is old enough to carry his father's musket he shall certainly be found in the continental ranks—that is, if he continues to be my son."

Lieutenant Forrester took off his cap to the poor widow who so dared to speak.

"I respect your sentiments, madame," he said, "and I mean well by your boy. Instead of sending him to New York with the other prisoners I secured his release on account of his youth, and, while he will be brought back if he attempts to go out of the limits of the town, he will not be molested as long as he behaves himself."

Thus Dicky saw his hopes of being treated like a man and a prisoner of war ruthlessly dashed to the ground. He had had a good deal of talk while he was on board ship about officers giving orders without knowing what they say, and in this case, he

the American must be done to earn Dicky remembered during his brief career he had earned a good many pennies by singing for the men in the fo'c'sle, and had more than once been sent for to sing in the cabin and wardroom—for he had one of the sweetest and clearest young voices imaginable. He had got hold of a few old song books and with his mother's help he learned the airs, and thenceforth went about Newport singing at the street corners and in taverns and on ships. It would have been an evil thing for a boy of less backbone and principles than Dicky Stubbs, but under his shock of tow-colored hair was an excellent portion of brains—and so Dicky went around chirping out his songs like some sweet-voiced birdling, handing his ragged cap around and taking the pennies and shillings home to his mother as regularly as clockwork. His repertory was not extensive, comprising a few sentimental songs and a dog-eared collection of patriotic songs, which he fitted to tunes that he knew. It was sometimes rather a risky business to sing these songs, but Dicky knew his audiences pretty well. Although he did not always sing his "rebel songs,"

Rhode Island. "He's a long timer, although he is mighty proud, the quarter deck fellers as if they was foreman people. But he knows more than most of 'em what to do, so that's why the patriots is hankerin' arter him. At 9 o'clock tonight a boat is goin' to be pulled across the bay, and Cap'n Barton with twenty men is goin' to sneak up to the Overing house, where the gin'ral is stayin', while they're fixin' reg'lar headquarters for him. They're goin' to take the place by boardin'—I dunno what the soldiers' word is for ketchin' him with a rush—and they're goin' to put him in the boat and take him back to Providence plantations. Now, the redcoats is monstrous keeless about standin' watch round the Overing house—they've got a sentry or two that marches up and down and then goes and stands in the corner o' the house by the chimney—but Cap'n Barton wants some one to git' him the word about 12 o'clock tonight when the coast is clear. I'd do it myself, but I hasn't stay

Grecian chief in the Trojan war. "Homeric character as the 'most perfect of heroes.' The third, a Roman senator and orator who was styled 'The father of his country, and the second founder of Rome.' The fourth, one of a class of 'viviparus or oviparous animals having a body marked by several cross lines or incisions.' The fifth, a country between Macedonia and the Illyrian sea; one of its first kings was a son of Achilles. The sixth, a warlike people of Gaul, who were totally defeated by Caesar in a battle occurring in the year 52 B. C. The seventh, the tenth month of the sacred year of the Hebrews.

The plurals, reading downward, and the singulars, reading upward, read together, will name a subject of study.

#### Geographical Letter.

My Dear (a port in Cape Colony)—It seems such a (strait in Siberia) time since I wrote to you. I am writing an essay on the (lake in Canada) trade. (Cape in Virginia) and I went for a long walk the other day. We went to see an old blind (island in the Irish sea). He had a lovely (island in the West Indies). As we came back there were some cows in a field which frightened us very much, so we had to go through a (town in France) in the hedge. The other day we saw some curious old (town in England) which belonged to (cape in Virginia) IV. I hope all your (lake in Manitoba) are quite well. With love, I your loving friend (town in America) (town in England).

An Old Saying Illustrated.



HE DIVED AND RESCUED HIM.

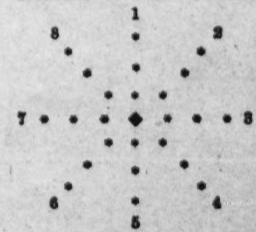
as the English sailors and soldiers called them, he would not sing any British ones. Once when a lot of soldiers, gathered in the tavern kitchen, wanted to make him sing "God Save the King," and locked the door on him, Dicky, watching his chance, made a break for the window, dashed the sash out with a rolling pin and scrambled out before they could catch him. The proprietor, who was a good American, gave Dicky a terrific wigging in public and promised a determination to have the window mended at the Widow Stubbs's expense; but in private he gave Dicky a shilling and bade him stick to his determination never to sing "God Save the King."

Dicky's only intimate friend was Bell, and the two were inseparable. Bell, and Jack, who was a very low, kept a sharp lookout for Dicky every evening, and when he was away, he pipe.

away from the lockup, because that would let 'em know that sumpin' was up. But I says, "There's a little tow-headed chap as I know on that has got a head on his shoulders and a pair of eyes as is worth sumpin'—and he kin hang round the house and won't nobody think it's nothin' but stayin' out agin' his mother's orders. You're that chap," said Jack Bell. Dicky a friend.



No. 182.—A Wheel Puzzle.



Arrange the eight words, the meanings of which are given below, as the spokes of the wheel so that the outside letters, read in the order of 1 to 8, will give the name of one of the queen of England. Every word contains an equal number of letters, and the final letter of each is the same.

1. Conceited. 2. A metal. 3. One Adam's sons. 4. An aquatic fowl. 5. A place for baking. 6. A color. 7. A boy's name. 8. A town in

Key

Crossword

Pictures

customers &  
argains. If you  
property with us  
before buying.

## TLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

**Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.**

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

## PART II.

## Mr. Thimblefinger's Country.

The next morning Sweetest Susan was awake early. She wanted very much to turn over and go to sleep again, for her eyes were heavy and her body was tired. But the moment she remembered the wonderful events of the night before she sat up in bed and looked around. Drusilla was still asleep and snoring very loudly, but Sweetest Susan jumped out of bed and shook her by the shoulder.

"Drusilla! Drusilla! wake up!" cried Sweetest Susan. Drusilla stopped short in her snoring and turned over with a groan. She kept her eyes closed and in a moment she would have been snoring again, but Sweetest Susan continued to shake her and called her until she squaled out:

"Who dat? What do you want? Uh, Lordy!"

"Wake up, Drusilla," said Sweetest Susan, "I want to ask you something."

"Ain't I 'wake? How kin I be any waker when I'm 'wake? Oh, is dat you, honey? I wuz skeerd 'twas dat lit' bit er o' 'omen. Whar she gone? Las' time I seed her she wuz des walkin' 'roun' here like she wuz gwine ter tremple on me. I laid low, I did."

Sweetest Susan clasped her hands together and cried: "Oh, wasn't it a dream, Drusilla? Did it all happen sure enough?"

Drusilla shook her head wildly. "How kin we bofe have de same kind er dream? I seed he 'oman gwine on, en you seed 'er gwine on. Uh, uh! don't talk ter me 'bout no dreams."

The whole matter was settled when Buster cried out from the next room: "What fuss was that you were making in there last night squealing and squeaking?"

The matter was soon explained to Buster John, and after breakfast the children went out and sat on the big woodpile and talked it all over. The boy asked a hundred questions, but still his curiosity was not satisfied.

All this time the birds were singing in the trees and the wood sawyers sawing in the pine logs. Jo-reeter, jo-reeter, jo-reeter sang the birds. Craik, craik, craik, went the wood sawyers.

"There were fifty dozen of them," said Buster John.

"Fifty-five thousand you'd better say," replied Sweetest Susan. "Just listen at them!"

"No needs ter listen," cried Drusilla. "You'd hear 'em if you plugged up yo' years."

Maury put his knife blade under a thick piece of pine bark and pried it up to find one of the busy sawyers. The bark was strong, but presently it seemed to come up of its own accord and out jumped the queerest little man they had ever seen or even heard of except in make-believe story books. Buster John dropped his knife and down it went into the woodpile. He could here it go rattling from log to log nearly to the bottom. Sweetest Susan gave a little screech. Drusilla sat bolt upright and exclaimed:

"You all better come on go see yo' ma. I want ter see 'er mysef."

But there was nothing to be frightened at. The tiny man had brushed the dust and trash from his clothes and then turned to the children with a good-humored smile. He was not above four inches high. He had on a dress coat. Drusilla afterward described it as a claw hammer coat—velveteen knickerbockers and silver buckles on his shoes. His hat was shaped like a thimble and he had a tiny feather stuck in the side of it.

"I'm much obliged to you for getting me out of that scrape," he said with a bow to all the children. "It was a pretty tight place. I stayed out last night just one second and a half too late, and when I went to go home I found the door shut. So I just crawled under the bark there for a nap. The log must have turned in some way, for when I tried to crawl out I found I couldn't manage it. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but just when I saw one of those terrible flat headed creatures making his way toward me. Why, his head was a sawmill. He was gnawing the wood out of his way and clearing a road to me. I tried to draw my sword, but I couldn't get it from under me. Then I felt the bark rising. I pushed as hard as I could and here I am."

"As 'im his name," said Drusilla in an awe-stricken tone.

"Ah, I forgot," responded the little man. "I know you, but you don't know me. My name is Mr. Thimblefinger, and I shall be happy to serve you. Whenever you want me just tap three times on the head or your bed."

"Thank goodness! I don't sleep in no bed," exclaimed Drusilla.

"That makes no difference," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "If you sleep on a pallet just tap on the floor."

"Please, Mr. don't talk that way," pleaded Drusilla, "kase I'll be constant a-pro-skin' wid that tappin', an' de fus' time you come I'll holler fire."

"Don't notice her," said Buster John, "she talks to hear herself talk."

"I won't," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, tapping his forehead significantly and nodding.

Drusilla giggled. "I can't help it when I see him comin'."

With that he leaped nimbly from log to log and disappeared under the woodpile. The children went down to see what he would do. They were so astonished at his droll appearance that they forgot their curiosities.

"Is that a fairy, brother?" asked Sweetest Susan in a low voice.

"No!" exclaimed Buster John with a lofty air, but not loudly. "Don't you see he's not a bit like the fairies we read about in books? Why, he was afraid of a woodsawyer."

"That's so," Sweetest Susan rejoined. "He's a witch, dat what he is," said Drusilla.

"Shucks!" whispered Buster John. He heard the voice of Mr. Thimblefinger under the woodpile.

"I've found it, I've found it!" he cried. And presently he made his appearance, dragging the knife after him. He tugged at it until he got it out, and then he sat down on a chip, wiped the perspiration from his eyes, and fanned himself with a thin flake of pine bark no bigger than a bee's wing.

"Pick me up and let's go on top of the woodpile," said Mr. Thimblefinger after awhile. "It's suffocating down here. Ouch! don't tickle me, if you do I shall have a fit." Buster John had picked him up by placing a thumb and forefinger under his arms. "And don't squeeze me, neither," the little man went on. "I was cramped un-

ed Drusilla. "Dat water's too wet fer me." Buster John waited for an explanation, but none was forthcoming.

"We couldn't go through the spring, you know," she said presently.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Thimblefinger, slyly. "Did you ever try it?"

He asked each of the children this and the reply was that none of them had ever tried it.

"I put my foot in it once," said Buster John, "and the water was just like other spring water. I know we can't go through it."

"Come, now," Mr. Thimblefinger suggested, "don't say you know. Sometimes people live to be very old and don't know the very things they ought to know."

"But I know that," replied Buster John, confidently.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Thimblefinger, pulling out a tiny watch, "did you ever feel of the water in the spring at precisely nine minutes and nine seconds after 12 o'clock?"

"N-o-o-o," replied Buster John, taken by surprise, "I don't think I ever did."

"Of course not," cried Mr. Thimblefinger, grily. "You had no reason. Well, at nine minutes and nine seconds after 12 o'clock the water in the spring is not wet. It is as dry as the air we breathe. It is now two minutes after 12 o'clock. We'll go to the spring. Wait until the time comes, and then you will see for yourself."

As they went toward the spring—Mr. Thimblefinger running on before with wonderful agility—Drusilla touched Sweetest Susan on the arm. "Honey," said she, "don't let dat creetur pull you in de spring. Goodness knows, ef he puts his han' on me I'm gwine ter squall."

"Will you hush?" exclaimed Buster John, impatiently.

"Watch out, now," said Drusilla, defiantly. "Ef you gits drowned in dar I'll sho' tell yo' ma."

Fortunately, there was no one near the spring, so Mr. Thimblefinger advanced boldly, followed closely by the children.

emphasis. "She ain't tol' me ter foller you in de fier an' needer in de water."

But Sweetest Susan didn't wait to hear. She jumped into the spring with a splash and then stood by her brother very red in the face.

"Five more seconds!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger in a business-like way.

Drusilla looked in the spring and hesitated. She could see the water plain enough but then she could also see Sweetest Susan and Buster John and they seemed to be very comfortable.

"I'm comin'," she yelled, "but ef you all make me git drowned in dry water I'll ha'nt you ef it's the as' thing I do!"

Then she shut her eyes tight, put her fingers in her ears and leaped into the spring. She floundered around with her eyes still shut and gasped and caught her breath just like a drowning person, until she heard the others laughing at her, and then she opened her eyes with astonishment.

Suddenly there was a loud, gushing sound heard above and around them and under their feet.

"Watch out!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger. "Run this way! The water is getting wet again!"

The way seemed to widen before them as they ran and in a moment they found themselves below the "gum," or "curb" of the spring and beyond it. But as they went forward the bottom of the spring seemed to grow and expand, and the sun shining through gave a soft light that was very pleasant to the eye. The grass was green and the leaves of the trees and the flowers were pale pink and yellow.

Mr. Thimblefinger seemed to be very happy. He ran along before the children as nimbly as a kildeer, talking and laughing all the time. Presently Drusilla, who brought up the rear, suddenly stopped in her tracks and looked around. Then she uttered an exclamation of fright. Sweetest Susan and Buster John paused to see what was the matter.

"Wharabouts did we come in it?" she asked.

Then, for the first time, the children saw that the bottom of the spring had seemed to expand until it spread over their heads and around on all sides as the sky does in our country.

"Don't bother about that," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "No matter how big it looks, it's nothing but the bottom of the spring after all."

"But how are we to get out, please?" asked Sweetest Susan.

"The same way you came in," said Mr. Thimblefinger.

"I tol' you! I tol' you!" exclaimed Drusilla, swinging her right arm up and down vigorously. "Ef you kin fly you kin git out, an' you look much like flyin'. Dat what you git by not mindin' me an' yo' ma!"

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Mr. Thimblefinger. "I'll 'sick' the katydids on you if you don't stop scaring the little girl. Come! we are not far from my house. We'll go there and see what the neighbors have sent in for dinner."

Buster John followed him as readily as before, but Sweetest Susan and Drusilla were not so eager. They had no device, however, and Drusilla made the best of it.

"I ain't skeered ez I wus. He talk mo' and mo' like folks." So they went on toward Mr. Thimblefinger's house.

(To be Continued.)

## Taming a Bird.

If anybody knows how to tame birds, it ought to be Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller; and these are her rules, which are simple enough for any one to understand and practice:

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal.

Place his cage near you on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient, and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him.

After this he will more readily take it from your lips; and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free.

As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire.

A little boy, the son of a reporter, was asked what his father's occupation was, and replied, with all simplicity: "He is a dreadful accident maker for the newspapers."—Chicago Herald.

## Troublesome Fractions.

During the reconstruction period which followed the war of the rebellion, a farmer and a negro appeared before the bureau office of a South Carolina district, asking him to settle the terms of their contract.

It appeared that the farmer offered to allow his negro tenant one-third of the crop, while the latter stood out for one-sixth!

It was only by the aid of six bits of paper, added and subtracted upon a table, that the captain succeeded in shaking the faith of the darky in his calculations.

"Well, boss," he answered, doubtfully, "ef you say one-third is the most, I reckon it's so. But I allowed one-sixth was the most."

## Natural Inference.

Beware of trying to deceive children. How often must parents be taught this lesson?

"Why mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!"

"Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty to mamma yesterday."

"O mamma, what a naughty little girl I must have been to make you gray!"

"No, my am!" exclaimed Drusilla, with a smile.



MR. THIMBLEFINGER RUNNING ON BEFORE WITH WONDERFUL AGILITY.

der that bark until I'm as sore as a holl all over. Goodness! I wish I was at home!"

"Where do you live?" asked Sweetest Susan when they were once more seated on the woodpile.

"Not far from here, not very far," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, shaking his head sagely, "but it is a different country—oh, entirely different."

Sweetest Susan edged away from the little man at this and Drusilla stretched her eyes.

"What is it like?" asked Buster John boldly.

Mr. Thimblefinger reflected awhile, and then shook his head. "I can show it to you," he said, "but I can't describe it."

"Pick 'im up an' show 'im to your ma!" exclaimed Drusilla suddenly.

"No, no, no!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger, leaping to his feet. "That would spoil everything. No grown person living in this country has ever seen me. No, no! don't try that."

It would spoil your luck. I wouldn't be here now if the Doll's grandmother hadn't begged me to come with her last night. But I'll come to see you"—he pointed at Drusilla—"I'll come often."

"Try it, sis," he cried.

Sweetest Susan did so, and boldly declared there was no water in the spring. She wanted Drusilla to try to wet her hand, but Drusilla sullenly declined.

Mr. Thimblefinger settled the matter by walking into the spring.

"Now, then, if you are going, come along," he cried. "You have just seventeen and a half seconds." He waved his hand from the bottom of the spring and stood waiting. A spring lizard ran near him, and he drew his sword and chased it into a hole. A crawfish showed his head, and he drove it away. Then he waved his hand again: "Come on, the coast is clear."

Buster John put his hand in the water again, and this seemed to satisfy him. He stepped boldly into the spring, and in a moment he stood by Mr. Thimblefinger, laughing, but still excited by the novelty of his experience. He called to his sister:

"Come on, sis. It's splendid down here."

"Is it wet?" she asked, plaintively. "Is it cold?"

"No!" replied Buster John, impatiently. "Don't be a baby."

"Come on, Drusilla. You've got to come. Mama said you must go wherever we went," cried Sweetest Susan.

"No, my am!" exclaimed Drusilla, with a smile.

and camp. They talked in their sleep, and early they began preparation for travel. At 5:40 o'clock in the evening they started. They serenaded Mr. Polk, a storekeeper. On a little further they serenaded a sick woman. Mr. L'Engle proposed it. We reached town about 9:30 o'clock P.M., and Camp L'Engle was broken up.

W. L. W., Jr.

#### Some Industrious Pupils.

Two of the brightest pupils in the Boulevard school are Misses T. H. and Jay McBride. At the close of the recent session they were both on the honor roll, Miss T. H. sharing the first honor, in the fifth grade, with Miss Emelize Wood and Miss Jay McBride standing high on the roll of honor in the third grade, and winning the prize as the best speller during the session. Both of these little girls are bright, attractive and beautiful young maidens and they have already commenced to fashion their characters for a sweet and lovely womanhood. In their elocutionary gifts they rank among the brightest children of the school. They are grandnieces of Generals T. R. R. and Howell Cobb.

This is a picture of Miss Emma Johnson, one of the brightest girls at the Crew street school. Miss Emma took the second honor in the sixth grade last year, and promises well to push some one for first honor next year. She is a daughter of Mr. S. H. Johnson. Miss Emma is very popular with school mates, and has won the esteem and affection of her teachers by her studious efforts and her determination to excel in her studies.

The first honor pupil of the sixth grade at the Crew street school this year was Miss Mary McGuire. Miss Mary had a very high standing throughout the year, and being one of the brightest girls in the school, captured the first honor in her grade. She is a bright, interesting young lady, and carries the honor she has won very modestly. She is one of the very best scholars in the Crew street school, and will doubtless continue to carry off honors in the future.

In the eighth grade of the Crew street school the first honor was won by Miss Daisy Stewart, the daughter of Mrs. J. A. Stewart. Her yearly average was very high. Miss Daisy is a hard student and has a bright mind, as the honor she won gives evidence of.

In the ninth grade of the Crew street school the first honor was won by Miss Mary Ann Rucker, the little daughter of Colonel Tiny Rucker. She inherits her bright father, which she credit to character.

The miniature watch of King George III, which was kept for years in a London museum, was only the size of one of our silver dimes.



trash and brush getting across the track. As we were running smoothly along at about thirty miles an hour, I suddenly saw a small speck away down the track. I was so used to seeing trash and brush on the track that at first it did not alarm me at all. But with the caution of an old engineer I kept an eye on the object. It suddenly took form, and all in an instant it came over me that it was a child. I reversed my lever, turned on the sand box and cried to my fireman, 'Run out Jim, and see if you can save it.' I, of course, had to stand to my engine.

"The fireman who was a brave fellow, was out along the engine in an instant. By this time, with the brakes on and the lever reversed, the train was running much slower, but with impetus enough to carry it over the spot where the child lay. I could not see Jim, but knew that he was crouched on the cowcatcher. It was a moment of suspense. With a slow jerk the train stopped, and to my unutterable joy I saw Jim step off of the cowcatcher with the child in his arms. Bending far over, as the train ran, he had caught it by its dress and lifted it from danger.

"It has been a trying moment for us both, and when it was over I began to feel what a strain I had been under for the few seconds which seemed like hours. But business is business, and after returning the child to its mother, who had come running out of a cabin nearby in time to see the rescue, the conductor cried out 'all aboard,' and we pulled out.

"I thought no more about the matter until the first of the month, when I received my salary. In it I found a check for \$50 additional and a complimentary note from the board of directors. Jim found the same in his. It was in my line of duty, and I did not want pay for it, but of course I appreciated the mark of esteem."

That is the story the ex-engineer told me. He re-established my confidence in wonderful rescues of that sort, and the next time I attend a school commencement and a young lady recites anything about the thrilling adventure of the engineer and the fireman and the child on the track, I will remember the story that the engineer told me, and listen with as good grace as possible.

#### Wonders in Miniature.

Mark Scarlot, a blacksmith of the time of Queen Elizabeth, made a perfect brass and steel padlock that weighed but one grain.

Max Kaufman, a jeweler of Berlin, has made an ivory chariot with movable wheels, the whole weighing only two grains.

Pliny tells us of a copy of Homer's "Ilaid" known in his day so small that it could be hidden in the shell of a hen's egg.

At the last Paris exposition a Tyrolean exhibited a trained flea that operated a miniature of the great fifty-ton Krupp hammer. The model, which was of pure gold, with its upright, levers, etc., weighed but two grains. The hammer itself, perfect in every detail, weighed but one-third of a grain.

The miniature watch of King George III, which was kept for years in a London museum, was only the size of one of our silver dimes.

#### A Sugary Accident.

From The Buffalo Express.  
Extracts from that great book of life in the city of a Senator.

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How many times in your experience you have  
**WAITED**

Thinking next week or next month will be time enough to buy a watch, although you know that you are needing it every hour in the day? Do you wish to wait?

**UNTIL**

You have missed a \$1,000 engagement before you buy a \$50 watch? Perhaps you think you can guess the exact time when your train is going to leave, but do not be

**TOO**

sure of your accuracy in this direction; a watch will save you a great deal of anxiety. Business men who study the economical disposition of their time cannot afford to be without a watch for time is the equivalent of money. Better

**LATE**

than never, so let us quote you prices. J. Stevens & Bro., Jewelers, 47 Whitehall street.

## Wines!

California wines are deliciously cheap just now. Most people can afford to use them for table use, as a substitute for water—better than water, of course—more healthful, too. These hot summer months—claret, rocks, rhine wines, port, sherry, etc., etc., etc.—come in and get our prices—interesting.

Bluthenthal "B&B" & bickart, b&b.

Marietta and Forsyth—Phone 375. All kinds of fine whiskies.

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The Potts-Thompson Liquor Co.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers.

Also, Distillers of Stone Mountain Corn Whisky and keep everything that can be called for in their line.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House,  
Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.

Please Notice.

Jacobs' Pharmacy has nearly completed moving into its new store in the old capitol building. Due notice will be given of the grand opening day. In the meanwhile customers can get supplied with everything in the drug line at their branch store at the junction of Peachtree, Decatur and Edgewood avenue. Branch telephone No. 1965.

Don't Forget.

NOW is the time for

Iced Tea.

Our RUSSIAN RESERVE and ELITE BLEND delight all who try them.

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NEW DOCTORS.

DR. A. SOPER.  
DR. A. MacKENZIE.

All who visit the foreign doctors before August 21 will receive services two months free of charge. This benevolent offer is extended to the rich and poor alike. Having been selected from the highest graded colleges on the continent, they represent the best medical and surgical training in the world. All diseases of men and women are treated. No matter what the name and nature of your disease may be, nor how long standing, do not fail to secure their opinion of your case as it costs you nothing. If incurable they will frankly tell you. During the past twelve months 421 new doctors and 163 were rejected as incapable. Hours 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Their office is known as the "Foreign Doctors' Office," No. Walton street, corner Fourth street, Atlanta, Ga. Those unable to call for a history of their case together with a 2-cent stamp, and their address to Dr. A. Soper, No. 44 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

## THE CASE DISMISSED.

Professor J. J. Kilpatrick, of Eufaula, Exonerated in the Police Court.

### HE DIDN'T KNOW ATLANTA'S STREETS.

Conductor Harris Tells About the Trip from Macon—What His Young Lady Assistant Had to Say.

The trial of Professor J. J. Kilpatrick, of Eufaula, whose arrest, Thursday night, upon the charge of being drunk and disorderly, caused so much excitement in educational circles, took place yesterday afternoon.

After hearing exhaustive testimony and a full statement of the affair from the professor and from the young lady in whose company he was when he was arrested, Recorder Calhoun decided that the evidence failed to sustain the charge and dismissed the indictment.

When the case was called a large crowd attracted by the prominence of the parties and the sensational features of the affair, was present.

It was with a determined and self-assured air that the young lady, who it developed is a teacher in the Eufaula schools, walked into the courtroom and took a chair beside Chief Calhoun. During the whole of the proceedings she preserved the same calm, lady-like manner.

Detective Wooten outlined the basic of the charge against Professor Kilpatrick.

He said that at half-past 7 o'clock Thursday evening he and Detective Cason responded to a telephone message from the Central train at 8 o'clock. When the train arrived Conductor Harris pointed out Professor Kilpatrick and the young lady, and asked that they be watched. The pair left the car and walked up Alabama street. The young lady would frequently stop and seemed to be arguing with her companion.

They walked up West Alabama street. After passing the livery stable the young lady stopped. At this juncture the detectives interrupted the promenade and escorted the man to the station house where the charge of drunk and disorderly was entered.

Conductor Harris was also present as a witness and told about Professor Kilpatrick's action while on the way from Macon.

"There was something about the way the gentleman conducted himself," he said, "that I could not understand. His attention to the young lady over there were such that the notice of several of the passengers was attracted."

The Young Lady Talks.

In her explanation of the affair, the young lady impressed all that was an emphasis placed on the professor's delivered in a clear and decisive way.

"Thursday morning," she said, "I left Eufaula for Atlanta. I came with the knowledge and consent of my parents to attend the present session of the chautauqua. On the same train was Professor Kilpatrick. I noticed after leaving Smithville that his actions were rather queer. He slept better at night and at Macon. I becamealarmed at being left at Macon because I did not wake him up, and because of this became indignant. He said, also, that I had proved treacherous to our friendship.

"I consented before reaching Atlanta to let him secure a hotel room. Of course, I placed no moral dependence on Professor Kilpatrick. I have known him for five years. He has at all times proven himself to be a perfect gentleman. I know no one in whom I would put more trust. I have never seen him in an intoxicated condition."

"As to the actions of Professor Kilpatrick after reaching Atlanta, they are too well known. Most of us knew that his actions were rather queer."

At the conclusion of the testimony, Recorder Calhoun dismissed the charge.

Yesterday afternoon the young lady reported to the local rooms of The Constitution.

"It is an unfortunate occurrence," he said, "and I think that the passengers on the Central concluded that I was trying to run away with the young lady."

He said he attended the session of southern teachers which convened in Atlanta several years ago.

Professor Kilpatrick will remain during the session of the chautauqua.

Growth in Knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit. Faith in Home's Sarsaparilla is a sure cure for hypochondriacal loss of appetite and that tired feeling so prevalent in spring.

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters of J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

DR. W. A. HAMMOND'S ANIMAL EXTRACTS

Cerebral for the brain, Cardiac for the heart, Liver, Spleen, etc., two droppers \$2.50. Jacobs' Pharmacy or Columbia Chemical Company, Washington, D. C.

June 21—thus sat tues.

A Summer in the North.

A special excursion for Cleveland and Niagara Falls leaving Atlanta Tuesday, July 10th. One fare for the round trip, tickets good until September 15th. Address A. B. Carter, No. 64 North Forsyth street, Atlanta, Ga. June 21—10-od.

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Low Rates and Long Limits by the R. and D. to Toronto.

The rates by the Richmond and Danville to Toronto for the occasion of the Young People's Convocation will be \$2.50 for the round trip. These tickets will be sold July 6th and 17th, limited to July 31st, regular bus line. The bus line to Danville will be extended and made good for return trip until September 15, 1894.

The bus line to Danville via Washington, Baltimore and Niagara Falls, and is especially attractive.

Gala Day.

Next Saturday will be a gala day at East Lake. Many attractions will be offered for the day, including boat racing, swimming, matches, sack races, and at 1 o'clock a grand barbecue will be served in the pavilion. There will be singing, dancing, music and dancing will be had for the entire day. Don't forget, if you want a day of real pleasure, take in East Lake Saturday, June 23rd.

Rates to Denver Reduced.

The Atlanta and West Point railroad has reduced the rate to Denver, Col., and return from \$12.20 to \$8.95. Tickets on sale June 23d, 24d and 25d, good for thirty days. One change of car via this line.

Dr. Hathaway & Co. are the leading specialists in all diseases peculiar to men and women. 224 South Broad street.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

## DANGERS OF DRESS.

How Men and Women Run Great Risks During the Summer in the Way They Are Clothed.

Few people think at this time of the year of the great importance of dress.

Men and women run great risks because they know it is a necessity, but in the summer, when it is hot, they go to the other extreme and even dress too lightly. Hot weather causes people to use light clothing; but suddenly the wind changes, the air becomes chilly, and a cold is pretty certain.

Now, where most people make a mistake is in not guarding against these sudden changes quickly and in time. Any man or woman who has on a light suit of clothing, should feel a change which brings a chill, should at once cover up again. This can only be done by the use of some pure stimulant, not gingers or hot drinks, but a pure medicinal whisky that will refresh the system, cause the blood to circulate, and bring an immediate reaction. There should be no medicine which that will do this, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. It has for twenty years accomplished what has never been known before in counteracting the first symptoms of sudden colds and fever, and the possibility of pneumonia, fevers and all the distressing complaints which follow any cold.

It should be remembered, however, that Duffy's Pure Malt is the only whisky which will certainly accomplish this, and however much dealers may talk to the contrary, it alone should be taken.

At a good restaurant

you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF,

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa

tells you how.

100 of her receipts sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

An Imported Diagonal Clay Worsted Coat & Vest

tells you how.

100 of her receipts sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

Cut to Order.

DON'T BE A READY MADE MAN.

Plymouth Rock Pants Company

70 Whitehall Street.

Dress Cutting and Sewing School.

Teaching, Cutting, Designing and Dressmaking.

Mr. F. L. Crowell, of the Industrial college of Milledgeville, with the assistance of Mrs. W. H. Haskell, will open a school of dressmaking in the dressmaking rooms of the Atlanta College of Design, Davison street, the months of July and August beginning Monday, June 25th.

At the conclusion of the testimony, Recorder Calhoun dismissed the charge.

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Pupils will find Mrs. Crowell or Mrs. Haskell good teachers.

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